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TWO ADAMS,¹⁰

A

POEM,

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*"By Man came Death.—By Man came also the Resur-
rection of the Dead." 1 Cor. xv.—xxi.*

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THE

TWO ADAMS

FORM



P R E F A C E.

DEAR READER,

My aim in publishing this small and vulgar piece, is for the poor and feeble of the flock of Christ; they not being acquainted with technical terms and high-flown schoolastic phrases, which so much abound in the present day, will I hope find something to a level with their comprehension, and profitable to their souls.

The Author having never attempted the languages, has been ever satisfied with the English grammar, and for above fifty years dreaded that wisdom which is foolishness with God, 1 Cor. 111.—xix, xx. The caution of the great Apostle "Beware, lest any man spoil you, through philosophy, and vain deceit, after the traditions of men, after the rudiments of the world, and not after Christ." Col. 11.—viii. And again, "God hath chosen the foolish things of the world to confound the wise &c." 1 Cor. 1.—xxi. And yet again, the saying of the incarnate God our Saviour, who exults in thanksgiving to his "heavenly Father, Lord of heaven and earth, because he hath hid these things from the wise and prudent, and *revealed* them unto babes." Mat. xi.—xxv. These scriptures, with a variety of the like, causes me to avoid worldly wisdom; so that if thou art looking for this, stop, throw down the book.—Christ is the foundation laid in Zion by God himself, for poor sinners to build all their hope of Salvation upon, and there is no other, 1 Cor. 111.—xi. And altho daubing builders have in all ages disallowed, and rejected him, he is become the head of the corner, Psal. xi.—viii, xxii. Mat. xxi.—lxii. Mar. xii.—x. Luk. xx.—xvii. Acts .vi.—xi, xii. 1 Pet. 11.—vi, vii. These truths being so manifest to me I would not for ten thousand worlds be one of the number (tho eloquent in language) who *cannot discern* spiritual things, 1 Cor. 11.—xiv. I am far from condemning learning when kept in its place, but if employed to satyrise the word of God, I would trample it like dung under my feet.

But Reader—if thou takest this in hand desiring soul profit, I trust thou art one that can "discern Spiritual things, being called out of darkness into marvelous light." 1 Pet. 11.—ix. Look up to the father of lights to bless thy reading; I know if thou hast tasted that the Lord is good, Psal. xxxiv.—11iv. thou livest much upon the bread of life, John vi.—1iv. and the hidden manna Rev. 11.—xvii. And surely thou hast an appetite for wholesome food tho' not cooked up in a Modern taste or served up in a silver dish. Fall to, and thou mayest hereby have a taste of the savory meat which Israel loveth: until the poor Reader and Writer are admitted to sit down to our full meal at the marriage feast above,

is the prayer of

Thine, in JESUS our LORD.

ANDREW KESSELL.

THE
TWO ADAMS,

A POEM.

WHEN I this vast terraqueous globe behold
What bounteous beauties to my eyes unfold!
Its entrails, and its surface, all conspire
To gratify unworthy Man's desire;
The fertile earth its vegetation yields,
From mountains, rivers, gardens, groves, and fields,
The floating air, and the unfathom'd sea
The great Creator's love to man display:
I stand amaz'd! and with enraptur'd soul,
Cry, "with thy goodness Lord, the earth is full!"

These various works so far as I can scan,
Were formed for accommodating man,

For

For man alone all earth's productions meet,
 To make his temp'ral happiness complete.
 How sweetly might the sons of Adam live,
 Did they the bounties of their God perceive;
 God in his works conspicuous still to see,
 Their chief employ in praising him would be,
 And walking in his omnipresent sight,
 Their raptured souls would in the Lord delight:
 Thus loving God, and of their God lov'd,
 They'd do to others, what themselves approv'd,
 No deed, or word, or thought would they devise,
 To make one person vile in others eyes:
 But every act, and every word would prove
 That deeds and words arose from heart-felt love;
 No state commotions then, no open wars,
 No secret envy, no domestic jars,
 Robbers by land, or Pirates on the sea,
 Would have no being on that peaceful day.
 But, is it thus? no—I the prospect miss,
 And all around is the reverse of this!

Poor blinded man his maker has forgot;
 Alas! his God is not in all his thought!
 The fear, the love, the knowledge, the delight,
 Converse with God is wholly out of sight;
 Profaneness, unbelief, self-will, and pride,
 Have thrust Jehovah from the world aside;
 And earth, earth, earth, is man's perpetual cry,
 Link'd thereunto, as if he ne'er should die.
 Thus lost to piety, poor man goes on
 Till banishing all mercy; man with man!
 Justice goes next; then follow guile, and fraud,
 Till theft, and rapine terminate in blood!
 Nor am I here exempted, (shocking thought).
 My nature is with every evil fraught.
 Amazing this! who can define the cause
 Why man defies divine and human laws?
 Irrationals yield man the debt they owe,
 But rationals their maker do not know:
 Beasts, the most turbulent that can be nam'd,
 Tygers and Lions have by man been tam'd;

But

But man, while God seems ev'ry mean' to try,
 And doth affirm, "the soul that sins shall die."
 Then woo's, and courts to conquer them by grace,
 And comes himself to suffer in man's place!
 Yet threats, nor mercies do subdue the will,
 Rebels they were; and will be rebels still!

Now God displays his soul-enlight'ning word;
 Ministers join, and cry, thus saith the Lord,
 Pourtray the joys of heav'n and pains of hell;
 Proving, who here and there shall ever dwell:
 Anon man's judgment doth in part assent,
 But, still the will is oppositely bent:
 "Tis right, they own, God's Laws should be obey'd.
 And immorality aside be laid;
 But, these are plan'd so wide, so deep, so high,
 That mortals cannot with the terms comply:
 Hence we conclude, heavens indulgent Lord
 Will not exact so rigidly his word;
 No, no—he will to large concessions come,
 Or, Lord have mercy, hell must be our doom: [More

More lenient he, to prove his love, we find
He gave his Son to ransom all mankind."

Thus thousands christianity profess,
Turning Jehovah's grace to wantonness !
In hostile acts against God's laws are found,
And cry, his "grace doth more than sin abound."
Then as th' impetuous horse to battle flies
The precepts and the threat'nings all despise,
For hells damnation on their souls they pray !
And prove by actions, what in words they say.

Man thus in hostile terms against the Lord,
No marvel he his equals disregard ;
Some will by fraud their cousinage conceal,
While others boldly rob, and fight, and kill :
Lost to the sence of ev'ry thing that's good,
They fill the earth with violence, and blood !
Nor can the rigor of all civil laws,
The torrent of ungodliness oppose ;

Witness

Witness thou Tyburn; stain'd with human gore,
 Which often monthly swallows up a score,
 Yet leaves the living sinning more and more!

Who can find where this Nileus doth begin?
 Which flows and deluges the world in sin:
 Who, trace the current back to its first cause
 Whence all these rapid baleful floods arose?
 Did man come thus from his Creator's hand?
 Scripture the deistical thought withstand:
 The sacred oracle hath loudly said,
 "God his prime creature in his Image made."
 A formidable being he must be,
 Producing monsters of Iniquity!
 My thoughts recoil!—e'en deist's must confess
 Jehovah is unsullied holiness.
 Some evil genius hath by art, or aid,
 The holy Maker's image thus unmade;
 Hell is the fountain, whence man's sin arose,
 And spreads, and rises, and the world o'erflows.

O Adam,

O Adam, Adam, what hast thou brought in,
 To league with Satan in committing sin,
 All the distress both in life and death,
 Of every earthly creature that has breath:
 God told thee so before, nor can he lie,
 "The day thou eatest, thou shalt surely die."

Let no one say, or harbour in his thought
 That Adam's crime was but a trivial fault;
 Dear reader, think again: and thou wilt own
 Such crime, but Satan's, there was never known.
 Consider first, the base ingratitude
 Against the God who him such favors shew'd:
 Model'd from dust; a God like creature man!
 Enjoying every other gift but one!
 A creature thus above all creatures blest;
 How base to break thro' this but one behest!
 View next his lofty, his satanick pride,
 Who would not be of sov'rignty deny'd,
 Though sov'riga now of all created things,
 His innate pride to discontentment springs: [Shall

Shall I, this mighty I, a subject be ?

I'll equal, if not rule the Deity !

See now impatience, under such restraint ;

Amidst such fullness, lo ! distres'd with want !

An ardent vacuum pains his anxious soul !

“ As good have nothing, if I have not all.”

Now unbelief imbibes the Devil's lie,

Can it be possible for me to die ?

What tho' this arbitrary law be broke,

And I should free me from the tyrant's yoke ;

He will not act, so rigid as he spoke.

Lastly, rebellion closes up the scene,

Do what he please ; to have my will I mean :

Then perpetrates the horrid mortal sin !

O ! shocking act ! such goodness to abuse

None but a Devil could the scheme infuse.

O ! fierce impatience ! wild impetuous lust !

That would not be of one delight suppress,

Altho' incompast round with all the rest :

O ! dreadful

O ! dreadful pride! which boldly dar'd to rise
 Against the sov'ign of hell, earth, and skies!
 O cursed unbelief! too bad to tell,
 Yea, e'en to think, but by the Prince of hell!
 Horrid rebellion! boldly to invade
 His province, who himself, and all things made;
 All this is join'd in puny man's offence,
 Who took up arms against Omnipotence.

God, from his throne the criminal beheld,
 And instantly the threaten'd death fulfil'd:
 Or rather Adam was a suicide,
 By his own fatal act and deed, he died.
 His flesh turn'd earthly, sensual, devilish all,
 And dead, dead, dead to God his inmost soul.
 Nor was it only our great Sire who fell,
 That act and deed procures our death, and hell:
 God's sacred word, this subject doth decide,
 " By one man's sin, all have both sin'd and died,"
 Here's guilt enough to damn the human race
 Without the second Adam's act of grace ; [Until

Until this truth is clearly known and felt,
 Death's sentence pass'd on all for Adam's guilt;
 Imputed righteousness we can't receive,
 Which is to all, and on all that believe.

Might not a just, a sin-avenging God,
 When he drove Adam out from his abode;
 Say as he did to angels when they fell,
 "Thy race is doom'd to endless pains in hell,"
 Who dare impeach his justice, all to leave,
 Or count him obligated to forgive?
 Man would like devils, worse and worse debase,
 Persist in sin; and go to their own place:
 Man's nature leads him the destructive road;
 The carnal mind is enmity to God.

Some men conceive the outward curse is all
 Entail'd on man thro' Adam's dreadful fall;
 The various maladies we feel beneath,
 Seeds of mortality, which end in death:
 Ah! no my friend, that's but a trivial part
 "Compared

“ Compared with sin which quite corrupts the heart :
 From satan, thro’ our Sire the poison spread,
 And taints the inmost soul of all his seed.
 Conceit makes self appear a sovereign lord,
 And sets up reason far above God’s word !
 Impatience makes the heart with passion boil,
 As not with man alone, with God embroil ;
 What lust desires with cravings ever strong,
 Self-will pursues and gains ; or right, or wrong !
 Base unbelief, the soul so much hath maim’d
 That threats and promises are both contemn’d,
 ’Till fierce rebellion daringly comes forth,
 And casts off God as sovereign of the earth :
 This shocking scene is not a single case,
 But certain portrait of the human race ;
 From our federal head the stream doth run,
 In his own image he begat a son,
 Nor is there one from this corruption free,
 Reader look in, and thou this fact may see,
 This shocking character belongs to thee !

This

This bitter fountain, bitter streams sends forth,
 Which run and spread, and deluge all the earth;
 Hence follow all domestic fudes and jars,
 The feigned friendships, and the open wars:
 Hence open oaths and artful perjury,
 Hence men for pass-time love, and make a lie;
 Hence the sly thief his neighbours right defraud,
 Hence open robbery, and thirst for blood:
 Hence sportive chambering, and wanton lust,
 With bestial scenes, too black to be exprest:
 Hence swearers belch their blasphemies around,
 In new coin'd oathes, just from the pit rebound;
 Hence all this thirst of pleasure, honor, power,
 Hence griping, and oppressing of the poor:
 Hence disipation, pomp, and pagantry;
 New scenes to please the ear, the taste, the eye:
 Hence sauces, jelleys, soups, with all excess,
 Promoting gluttony, and drunkenness:
 Hence earth, earth, earth; cries the degenerate soul,
 And never has enough until the mouth is full.

Thus

Thus the example of ungodliness:
 Lead, or force others into sore distress:
 Men scatt'ring round their arrows, fire-brands, death;
 Earth oft' resembles the black gulph beneath!
 Furies(perhaps) are less inclin'd to war
 Than vile voracious graceless mortals are;
 Nor is this portrait of the scene too strong;
 'Tis drawn by more than human pen or tongue;
 'Tis the assertion of the holy God,
 "The earth is fill'd with violence and blood:"
 Can any say who reason understand,
 That man came thus from his Creator's hand;
 That the most holy, pure Jehovah could
 Look on such work and say "'tis very good!"
 I think enough is said—and all must own
 The human species have themselves undone:
 Whoso deny this truth, asserts the whole;
 Pride manifestly proves man's dreadful fall.

Reader 'till thou of this art conscious made,
 Thou wilt not seek the soul-physician's aid,

'Till

'Till thy lost state stands glaring in thine eyes,
 Thou wilt the Saviour's righteousness despise;
 But when thou dost thy fallen state espy,
 The prayer "Lord help me," then will be thy cry.

Now, what could God devise in such a case,
 To save his glory, and a sinful race?
 Infinite wisdom soon contriv'd a plan,
 To prove his justice and his love to man!
 O wond'rous love! amazing act of grace!
 To raise to heaven a hell-deserving race!
 The wonderful, fore-knowing, infinite,
 Eternally had all things in his sight;
 And e'er man fell, or e'er man being had,
 The sacrifice for his redeem'd was made!
 A chosen seed unto his Son he gave,
 Whom Christ intentionally died to save!
 And God the spirit, the design had done,
 To bring them to the Father by the Son!

This

This triune council for procuring peace,
 A pre-mature, well-ordered council is:
 And had not this been done e'er Adam fell,
 All his posterity had gone to hell:
 Predestination must be thus allow'd,
 Or else fore-knowledge is cut off from God:
 But how doth God his deep designs display,
 And for the coming of his Son make way?

First he collects a nation for his own,
 Calls things that were not, as if things were done;
 To Abraham, by word and oath exprest,
 That "in thy seed all nations shall be blest?"
 Abr'ham believ'd, and claim'd the promis'd grace,
 And it was counted for his righteousness;
 Abr'ham and all the faithful did survey,
 With rap'rous joy the great Messiah's day?
 Long, long, before God's holy law was given,
 The saints of God beheld the way to heaven:

Now

Now when the time was come for Abr'ham's seed,
 From their Egyptian bondage to be freed;
 Moses is sent; who signs and wonders wrought;
 And God's own chosen out of Egypt brought!
 Collecting thus a people for his own,
 From Sinai, God a covenant lays down,
 A pure, a holy, righteous, perfect law,
 Such as a perfect creature ought to do;
 Wherein is found the glorious Sov'reign's will,
 For every loyal subject to fulfil;
 For God will not of his demands abate,
 His law is not become degenerate:
 Its full extent we evident may see,
 In this correct concise epitome?
 The just demands of the great King above,
 "Is him, as God and man, as self, to love."
 Then went the sanction forth, "do this and live:"
 Or disobey, and endless death receive.

If any inadvertantly should say,

"This law for man was easy to obey?"

[I

I answer, and assign a reason: no,
 This is what fallen man can never do.
 The spiritual law requireth truth within
 But man is carnal now, sold under sin:
 God's law, and fallen nature cannot suit;
 An evil tree can never bear good fruit:
 Would any say, " wherein then doth appear
 The wisdom of the legislature here;
 Doth it not rather ignorance expose
 To give imperfect man such perfect laws?"
 Perhaps it thus appears to human pow'rs;
 But God's exalted thoughts are not as ours:
 This great, all-wise, yet condescending Lord,
 Unveils this secret in his sacred word:
 And those who fear him, do therein espy,
 The infinitely deep-laid reason why,
 It hath been prov'd the life of God is lost;
 And Satan's image on man's heart imprest:
 Hereby God doth a striking contrast draw
 Betwixt man's heart and his most perfect law;

He

He doth hereby his righteous will reveal,
 That man his vast disparity might feel.
 God saith, " thou shalt love me with all thy heart,"
 But man's affections all from God depart:
 Heart, mind, soul, strength, on earthly things are set,
 And man his great Creator doth forget:
 God's holy law thus disobey'd by them,
 Their actions, words and tempers to condemn,
 And thus condem'd, it curses all our race;
 'Till Christ removes the curse by sov'reign grace.

Now to convince of and atone for sin,
 The Lord the ceremonial law brought in;
 Proving each sin against a righteous God,
 Could be aton'd by nothing else but blood.
 Each conscious sinner with his crime imprest,
 Confessing brings his victim to the Priest;
 Innocent creatures for the offender dies!
 Which God accepts as human sacrifice!
 Thus ev'ry crime imprest the sinner's heart,
 With sin's malignity and sin's desert:

[The

The concious sinner by this act did cry,
 A righteous victim of God's wrath am I;
 Since he asserts, "the soul that sins shall die."

Thus serv'd the law, to God's peculiar race,
 A dispensation of his sov'reign grace;
 For to the Gentiles no such light was given,
 A revelation sent of God from heaven:
 But—could this perfect law their hearts renew,
 And make them perfect, who came thereunto?
 No, it but shew'd to man his lapsed state;
 It prov'd, but left him unregenerate:
 It serv'd their fallen nature to reveal,
 But pointed to the antetype to heal.
 Thus while the moral law their sins made known,
 And ceremonial did for sin atone;
 Sinners alternately condemn'd and freed;
 Freed and condemn'd, were in a yoke indeed:
 Thus the old covenant in Sinai made,
 Poor helpless man in guilt and bondage laid;

For

For ev'ry crime the law denounc'd a curse:
 And man's unchanged heart wax'd worse and worse.
 Nor can this legal curse be took away,
 'Till man the perfect law of God obey.

What could be done for man in such a case?
 God soon devis'd a covenant of grace!
 Soon did I say, the plan long since was laid,
 The lamb was slain before the worlds were made:
 And soon as man against his God rebel'd,
 The promise of the Saviour was reveal'd!
 To Adam, God declar'd "The woman's seed
 In time should come and bruise the Serpent's head."
 Perhaps th' ambiguous promise he received,
 In hope look'd forward and in Christ believed;
 This promise by the Saint's was handed down
 (Darkly conceiv'd) from Father unto Son;
 Imbib'd by all the patriarchal race,
 Long, long before the sacred law took place:
 Before and after the o'erwhelming flood,
 Enoch as well as Abr'ham walk'd with God: [Then

Then came the law (with types) as has been shewn,
 Prefiguring him who only could atone,
 The Son of man and God's eternal Son,

Mysterious work! God left his daz'ling throne!
 And his poor creature's feeble flesh put on;
 The great supreme! the universal Lord!
 By Heav'ns innumerable host ador'd:
 He who but nods and all things must obey;
 Wrapt up his God-head in a clod of clay!
 He saw the horrid guilt of Adam's race,
 Which blood of bulls and goats could not erase;
 His precious blood, infinite blood alone,
 Could for such hellish deep-laid guilt atone:
 Cast the strong holds of Satan to the ground,
 And man's firm league with death and hell confound;
 Purge out the leav'n of wickedness within,
 And wash the deep-dy'd crimson conscience clean.
 But how could rigid justice strike the blow,
 Since man had broke, man must fulfil the law!
 God had denounc'd, the God that cannot lye, [The

The soul that sins, for sin shall surely die,
 I will be just, my sov'reignty I claim;
 I'll let them know a jealous God I am.
 If man by Adam's crime has such a blow
 To lose his pow'r to keep my holy law,
 Shall I, whose law more firm than heaven stands,
 Bend my concessions down to their demands?
 No, I assur'dly will make man know,
 I will have strict obedience to my law;
 I cannot with the least defect dispense,
 But for transgression will have recompence:
 My holy nature still from sin must sever,
 For holiness becomes my house for ever.

Well (said man's substitute) and be it so,
 I'll catch from man thy fierce impending blow;
 Thy righteous law I'll perfectly obey
 And its just claim the utmost farthing pay.
 Is death by law the sinner's just desert?
 I also will perform its penal part:

Yes

Yes, is man's death demanded? take my blood:
 Behold I come to do thy will O God:
 Wreak all thy wrath on me, 'tis just and right;
 My sacrifice for sin is infinite:
 A human body is prepared me,
 Body and soul man's sacrifice shall be!
 I take on me their guilt, their curse, their shame!
 And all my righteousness devolves on them:
 Thus law and justice both are magnified;
 Since man hath perfectly obey'd and died.
 Nor can its utmost strictest rigor claim
 The debt from both; and Christ's redeem'd condemn:
 Nor did his death, alone appease God's wrath,
 But spoil the principalities beneath;
 And conquer him that had the pow'r of death. }
 Now the victorious great God-man arose,
 And drag'd in triumph his usurping foes:
 A glorious body to the God-head join'd,
 To be the great high Priest of lost mankind!
 Resumes his glorious everlasting throne,
 And pleads with God, what he for man hath done!

Justice appeas'd, arose and with a smile
 Embrac'd and kiss'd the Son, for all his toil:
 " Enough my Son; enough, the Father cry'd;
 As God, thou hast aton'd; as mortal died:
 From condemnation thy redeem'd are free,
 And now I am well pleas'd with them in thee,
 In thee I say, thy spotless sacrifice
 Appears more acceptable in my eyes,
 Than worlds of sinners sentenc'd to remain,
 To bear my vengeance in eternal pain:
 Their punishment would be for ever just,
 But in thy blood thy people's sins are lost.
 Had'st thou determin'd all men to redeem
 There's pow'r sufficient in thy saving name;
 Thine a sufficient sacrifice had been
 To expiate ten-thousand worlds of sin;
 But I predestin'd and know who are mine;
 And now by gift and purchase they are thine. "

Father, the great exalted son replied,
 I one thing ask and cannot be denied; [Thy

Thy promise and my purchase is the boon,
 Send down the Holy Spirit to our own;
 They cannot feel their wants and come to me,
 'Till they are powerfully drawn by thee !
 They must both hear and know their Shepherd's voice,
 E'er they can have conceptions of thy choice :
 But when from sinner's thou shalt them collect,
 And bear them witness they are God's elect,
 When they this evidence from thee procure,
 To make their calling and election sure ;
 Then thy discriminating love they'll see,
 Fix'd on them from all eternity !
 Our love within them sweetly shed abroad,
 Will strongly prompt to love their loving God :
 And by that innate sweet constraint compel'd,
 A strict obedience to my law to yield :
 Hereby a stupid world shall often see
 That thou hast lov'd them, as thou lovest me :
 And by their strict attachment to my cause,
 Make thousands subject who did once oppose.

'Tis finished ! my work below is done
 I have o'er death and hell the victory won :
 Took off th' attainder for man's foul offence,
 And render'd justice its due recompence ;
 And now my native heaven I reascend,
 To be man's faithful everlasting friend :
 Therefore thy covenant with me I claim,
 Father send down the spirit in my name,
 To take off mine and shew it unto them.

Yes said the Holy Ghost, I gladly go
 To form thy ransom'd, fit for heav'n below :
 I'll take thy spotless righteousness and blood,
 Yea they shall share the fulness of their God :
 My spirit when received shall convince,
 Both of original and actual sins ;
 The harden'd sinner's heart he soon shall break,
 Bending their will, that sinew in their neck :
 A sight of nature, guilty, helpless, foul ;
 Cuts self-sufficiency from of the soul !

My

My spirit darting one prolific ray
 Shall turn the midnight gloom to perfect day!
 I am, as near six-thousand years ago;
 I said, let there be light; and it was so.
 Nor shall man's stubborn will in that blest hour,
 Imped my Sov'reign omnipotent pow'r.

Thus the tremendous one and mystic three,
 In the salvation of the saints agree:

For while the glorious holy Spirit flew,
 The soul-regenerating work to do,
 He omnipresent was in heaven too.

" I will O son (he said) the work complete,
 And drive the Prince of darkness from his seat;
 Thy follow'rs, first assembl'd in thy name,
 Waiting the promise, at Jerusalem;
 On their thrice happy day of Pentecost,
 Shall there be filled with the Holy Ghost!
 I will to them such light and life impart,
 To make them Pastor's after my own heart.

Qualified and commission'd both by me
 Great shall the company of Preacher's be,
 Fir'd with the promise, "I am still with thee." }

These to and fro' shall run, proclaiming grace;
 And thereby gospel-knowledge shall encrease:

These shall promulge thy everlasting love,

Which did my bowels to my people move;

How freely thou gav'st up the realms of bliss,

To purchase pardon and procure their peace;

How thou did'st suffer exquisite distress!

Thy body bore their sin; thy soul their curse!

How by thy death thou hast obtained grace

For each believer of the ruin'd race!

These thro' my aid their conscience shall impress

Of sin and guilt, and utter helplessness:

With arguments, in accents sweet and loud,

Beseech them to be reconcil'd to God:

These know not, altho' I know who are mine,

And unto me salvations pow'r resign.

They

They go with my commission unto all,
 And spread thro' all the world the gospel call;
 Display my help, if they will help embrace,
 And shew their danger who reject the grace:
 Assert that in my house there yet is room,
 And boldly say whoever will, may come:
 Thus I am clear, while sinner's stubborn will
 Is fraught with enmity against me still;
 They travel boldly to the gulph beneath;
 Chusing the way to everlasting death:
 But my Ambassador's whom forth I send,
 My pow'rful energy shall still attend;
 The stoutest sinner's heart shall bend before
 The word, attended with the Spirit's pow'r!
 My quick'ning voice the dead in sin shall hear,
 And into life emerging shall appear!
 Their lofty looks and spirits shall submit,
 And humbly lay their laurels at thy feet:
 The government upon thy shoulder lay,
 Sin and self-righteousness shall cast away,
 And Christ alone exalt in that blest day.

“ Man’s high exalted, great High-Priest repli’d,
 For this I ever live, who once have di’d:
 Shall I the purchase of my blood forsake,
 And not accomplish what I undertake ?
 Thou knowest Father, long e’er time began,
 On what conditions thou did’st give me man;
 In covenant their surety I became,
 To satisfy thy just demand from them.
 Through love to them, these mansions I resigned !
 The human nature to the God-head join’d;
 For them I serv’d, and suff’ring liv’d and di’d,
 The law fulfil’d and justice satisfi’d:
 Detain’d a while by direful pow’rs beneath,
 A seeming conquest of both hell and death;
 As one awoke ! I reasum’d the God:
 Death loos’d his grasp ! hell trembl’d at my nod !
 The monster’s head I bruis’d ; the grisly King
 I vanquish’d, and extracted forth his sting.
 Now if my death the enmity hath slain,
 God and my people reconcil’d again ;

Much

Much more my life shall full salvation give;
 They live when join'd to me because I live:
 The travail of my soul I have espy'd!
 O ample recompence! I'm satisfi'd!

The Father smiling on man's great High-priest,
 Said, Son I grant thy most enlarg'd request,
 Art thou well pleas'd thy little flock to view?
 I'm pleas'd, that they should share the kingdom too.
 Through the protection of the Holy Ghost
 Not one of all thy ransom'd shall be lost.

Some men will pother, bustle and debate,
 Who are elected, and who reprobate;
 Man's curiosity would needs explore
 A deep, without a bottom, or a shore:
 What if my fixt inscrutable decree,
 Man's doom had fixed in eternity;
 Shall stupid mortals dictate unto me?

}
 }
 }

What

What if I had devoted Adam's race
 To endless woe, without an act of grace?
 If blinded man my justice cannot reach,
 Dare they presume my dealings to impeach?
 Must I to human blear-ey'd reason yeild?
 Shall I to pardon rebels be compel'd?
 I'll let them know, tho' this their pride affront,
 I'll of my matters give them no account.
 Ah! why will man with consequential skill
 Thus darken counsel without knowledge still?
 Why will they labor mystri's to explain?
 When thirst of knowledge, was at first their bane.
 Ambiguous things they struggle to explore,
 Rising a mist where there was none before;
 While things important, recently display'd
 Are truth's unknown, tho' he that runs may read.
 Notions may clear, or muddle up the head;
 Warm up the passions, make the tongue to plead;
 Yet leave the heart unchang'd and conscience dead.
 Pleading for gen'ral, or peculiar grace,
 Will not avail if this is found the case.

[All

All controversy therefore to decide,
 And hide from man his innate hell-born pride:
 My perfect law shall still remain in force,
 Denouncing rebels all beneath its curse;
 And there the curse for ever must abide,
 'Till its demands are fully satisfi'd:
 Which never by a mortal can be done,
 'Till by the spirit led to thee my Son:
 The genuine obedience this of faith;
 Which thro' thy merit turns aside my wrath,
 For when the sinner in thy name believes,
 Thy grace, thy blood, thy righteousness receives
 From condemnation he at once is freed!
 For whom thou freest, they are free indeed.
 In thee my Son all these accepted are,
 And these the fruits of holiness will bear:
 By this sure touch-stone, every heart I prove,
 For genuine faith, for ever works by love:
 It works, I say; it nor rebels nor sleeps;
 Who love my being, my commandment keeps.

Inward

Inward possession will have outward show,
 By this shall all men thy disciples know.
 But formal sinner's who my worth despise,
 And to their drag, offer their sacrifice;
 Who of their doings have a Saviour made,
 They and their idols, both shall be dismay'd;
 For both their persons and their works are dead. }
 I will the loftiness of man abase;
 Those who are say'd shall yeild to sov'reign grace:
 Thou art the corner-stone which they reject,
 But by me chosen, precious and elect.
 And thy redeem'd are all a chosen seed,
 To whom in thee, the promises are made:
 I will be merciful to whom I will,
 And my deep secret to my saints reveal;
 While curious criticisers loos their sight,
 Seeking to comprehend the infinite.
 Shall puny mortals with contracted line,
 Of reason think to fathom things divine?
 No! heav'ns sublime, deep figurative speech,
 Is not for human intellects to reach.

[My

My ways and thoughts, not yet to man brought forth,
 Is high from theirs as heaven is from earth!
 The more their knowledge in this deep explore,
 The mystery swells ambiguous more and more!
 As looking on the sun, the source of light
 The closest gazer is bereav'd of sight:
 Therefore to speak intelligible, we
 Speak of the God-head as plurality
 And speaking thus, we seem as God's to man!
 But I alone am God: there is but one:
 And whoso shall on Christ the Son believe,
 He shall an everlasting life receive:
 But, whosoever will not trust in thee,
 Must take the consequence; and damned be.
 To thee my Son, all judgment I commit;
 Who for the office art divinely fit:
 And all who will not suffer thee to reign,
 Thou shalt ad-judge to everlasting pain.
 Their own delusions chosen, all condemn
 Who would not have thee govern over them:

My

My holy King, I thee in Sion set,
 Hell, earth, and heaven shall to thee submit ;
 Sinner's in Sion well may be afraid,
 The government is on thy shoulder laid.

Father, repli'd the medi'torial Son,
 I'll claim and make a num'rous seed my own :
 Did I not save them to the uttermost,
 The adversary would have room to boast.
 I see both a profane and moral crowd,
 Some haters of, some hypocrites with God ;
 Self-seeker's and voracious wolves will rise,
 Thwarting the truth as much as in them lies ;
 Blind guides, in multitudes will lead the blind,
 Casting my great salvation quite behind ;
 Suiting the gospel to the carnal mind.
 Persuading them the broad and easy way,
 Will land them safe, in everlasting day !
 Vain man, such doctrines never can withstand ;
 Both fabricated by one artful hand :

“ So

" So would we have it " they with pleasure cry,
 Like priest, like people, thus they live—and die.
 Others will 'stablish their own righteousness,
 And so will never know the way of peace.
 Thus, but a few in every age and place,
 Will yeild to be the subjects of my grace,
 Yet, tho' those blinded guides, the blind will lead,
 My cause thro' all shall prosper and succeed.

The greatest ill is luciferian pride
 Amongst professors; will my church divide:
 Satan to thwart the gospel will devise,
 And discord in punctilios will arise;
 Some will affirm, " man's will compel'd must be."
 While other—some insist " the will is free,"
 And each exploding of the other's scheme
 Will fly impet'ously to the extreame!
 For want of learning lowliness of heart,
 They'll fiercely lash each other, till they smart.

Thus

Thus hot-head zealots will be bigots still;
 But humble christians will correct their zeal,
 And 'ply the balm, corroding wounds to heal.

The spirit said, 'tis mine to calm the mind,
 And shew the legacy thou left'st behind.
 I in their jarring hearts will shed abroad
 Thy dying love, which makes their peace with God:
 And as they feel that inward peace abound,
 They'll follow after peace to all around:
 Their fallen spirits I will quite convert;
 I have engag'd to give them "a new heart:"
 I who fill up immensity of space,
 Will fix in them the kingdom of my grace;
 There will I live, and dwell, and walk, and reign:
 God's tabernacle shall be fixt with men!
 To humble hearts this heav'nly treasure's giv'n,
 I dwell with them, as sure as here in heav'n!
 When thus created by my grace anew,
 God's eye which can pervade them thro' and thro',
 Shall

Shall then pronounce "thy bride adorn'd by me,
Thou art all fair, there is no spot in thee."

Jesus repli'd, this very thing I mean,
For this I bore excruciating pain;
I never from the arduous work did swerve,
But Jacob like, I for a wife did serve:
O! how I long to bring my spotless spouse,
And join the nuptials in my Father's house!
See holy Father, my beloved see,
To view her perfect beauty, look thro' me!
Lo! my delights are with the son's of men,
I promis'd them I would return again;
Thy sp'rit and mine, my people shall possess,
They call me still Immanuel, "God with us."
My spirit shall their souls to me unite,
Engrav'd on them, my law of love I'll write,
The spirits witness, with the pard'ning blood,
And cleansing water from my heart that flow'd,
Purging

Purging the conscience; all who it receive
 It works effectual in them that believe.

With these I'll 'stablish my new covenant,
 The mutual bond shall closely us cement,
 In righteousness I'll them to me betroth,
 Giving my word, my promises and oath,
 That I will never, never, them forsake,
 And they their all shall on my promise stake;
 Cleaving by faith to their incarnate Lord,
 Love to my name, affiance in my word,
 Casting their ev'ry burthen upon me,
 In ev'ry trial shall supported be:
 Here they shall trust and shall not be affraid,
 Since thou thyself hast the foundation laid;
 This vital union to the world unknown,
 Makes me and every true believer one;
 This myst'ry I in them, and they in me,
 The world knows not, because "it cannot see."

I and my church, such one-ness will maintain;
 As man and wife are thence no longer twain:
 In consequence of this sweet contract made,
 They being now my members, I their head;
 Each shall himself, his all to each resign,
 Each with propriety say "thou art mine."
 Their sins imputed upon me were laid!
 And I the very utmost farthing paid:
 And lo! my purpose and decree resolves,
 That all my righteousness on them devolves!
 I give them right, by covenanted grace,
 Boldly to say, "the Lord our righteousness."
 Yes, one shall then subscribe to be the Lord's,
 While I confirm it, in these high records;
 Another shall with pleasing rapture tell,
 I am sur-nam'd Jehovah's Israel!
 The gospel privilege is come at length;
 I in the Lord, have righteousness and strength.

These souls partaking principles divine,
 Shall from the faithless, graceless herd disjoin;

The enmity 'twix them and Satan's seed,
 From diff'rent views, to diff'rent kingdoms lead.
 'Tis pain for mine with such on earth to dwell,
 How could they mix with sinners then in hell?
 No—saints would make e'en there, wild anarchy!
 Expel'd by devil's from their company;
 As Satan could not in these realms abide,
 Cast out from hence when tainted with his pride:
 Mine have a meetness in my righteousness,
 Boldly to stand in this most holy place:
 These love me with an undivided heart,
 And these I for my self have set apart:
 These from eternity are my elect,
 And these in time, I from the world collect!
 These, holy Father, these I call my spouse,
 And will conduct them to our mansion-house!
 They have my word, I am not yea and nay,
 For I will raise them up at the last day.

When fallen man is thus by grace restor'd,
 A people quite made ready for the Lord; [Then

Then sweet spontaneous fruits shall grow, shall rise,
 More acceptable than in Paradise.
 Their outward verdure shall my grace disclose;
 The wilderness shall blossom as the rose!
 Their lives, their high profession shall adorn,
 Proving to all that they of God are born.
 Thus a sav'd people for my self I claim,
 A people who shall glorify my name;
 My number I will have in spite of hell,
 Though it against me and my seed rebel.
 Did Adam's sin death to his seed procure?
 So to my seed, eternal life is sure:
 My absolute discriminating grace,
 Shall gather thousands of the fallen race!
 Though men and devil's rage at my decree,
 My will is fixed—nor shall frustrate be:
 Myriads of Innocents my pow'r shall bend,
 Who never did in heart or life offend:
 Numberless multitudes, which now I call
 My chosen, and the travail of my soul,

Can

Can it be thought that Adam's foul offence,
 Should over-ballance my death's recompence:
 Shall puny man o'ercome Omnipotence?
 No, I my own puissant strength will take,
 Yet once again the earth and heav'ns I'll shake!
 Nor will I be by earth or hell subdu'd;
 I am not call'd in vain, " the mighty God. "
 Satan and all his seed, shall reap their hire;
 Doom'd by my wrath to everlasting fire.

Here sinner's dreadful condemnation lies,
 Who gospel-grace and dying love despise;
 Despisers (whosoever will may know,)
 Di'd without mercy, under Moses' law;
 What punishment shall be inflicted then
 On gospel-slighting, Christ-despising men;
 Who oft repeated overtures disdain?
 Sinners persist their own invet'rate foes,
 Both sin and consequently hell they chuse!

I come to them, they will not me receive;
 I bid them come; they will not come and live.
 For this they shall be fairly disaprov'd,
 Light came to them, but still they darkness lov'd.
 If they Methuselah's long age should know,
 They'd grope thro' this, to outer glooms below!
 Thou sent'st me down not to condemn, but save;
 But they the kind report will not believe:
 And since they make the God of truth a liar,
 Those I will doom to everlasting fire:
 But these whose hearts believe the kind report,
 And to the standard of my cross resort,
 Hearing and learning their lost state from thee,
 And come self empty, seeking all in me:
 All that I have and am, is theirs design'd,
 For they shall both my grace and glory find.

FINIS.